

## The Old Soldier's Story.

"I do not get a pension," said the veteran, who had treated his first bout at Bull Run, breaking into a wild gallop before he passed under the wire at Washington and finally stopped to retire from the turf at Appomattox, "nor do I want one, though I suppose if I were not in comfortable circumstances I might try for it, and still I had about as much of the scrap as anybody I know of, for I began early and quit late. Luck is with some people, though, for I came out without a scratch, and I didn't lose a day on account of sickness. But I am flying the track. I think you said you wanted that story about the man who killed himself trying to kill me."

"It was in one of those innumerable small fights that were happening in Virginia all the year round and was so little that it did not even get a name. I was in an infantry regiment, and a detachment of 150 of us had been sent to the front of the skirmish line to feel around and see what we might find that were riding to find—namely, the rear part of the enemy's advance. In a clump of trees we found it in the shape of a hundred or so cavalrymen wearing the gray uniform we had seen a good deal of in our previous fights. It meant, of course, and in a very few minutes there was a mixing of contending forces which was, to say the least of it, extremely democratic."

"The troops on either side were composed of hot-headed young southerners who had no idea of anything but rushing right into the midst of us, yelling and swinging their sabers around their heads as if they were riding to find—namely, the rear part of the enemy's advance. They seemed to be utterly regardless of our feelings, too, and before we could say 'scat' they had slashed the scalps off half a dozen of our boys and were cutting up the rest of us like a lot of young butchers for their picnic. At the same time we were not entirely idle or neglectful of such opportunities as might be presented, and I may say that the general result of the meeting, to the eye of the casual observer, was real 'hot stuff,' if I may use a bit of modern language."

"I had had very little experience in military affairs of any kind, and up to that time Bull Run had been the only real battle in which I had taken an active part, the activity on that occasion not having been of the kind, you may remember, which gives a soldier a wide experience in fighting notwithstanding there was enough experience in conducting a retreat to last a lifetime. Gee, how we did run that day! It makes me warm to think about it even now. And the veterans smiled at the eye of the casual observer, was real 'hot stuff,' if I may use a bit of modern language."

"As I was saying, being inexperienced in fighting, I didn't know just what to do, as is the way with most new soldiers, so I kind of ducked under my head and went into it on the blind luck style, trusting in Providence and keeping my powder dry. In such a scramble nobody ever knows what is going on or how best to do things he has to do. It is slap, bang, shoot, short, slash, jab, a rush and a roar, a shower of nasty sulphur smoke, possibly a bee sting in body or mind, a fall in the leaves or dust or mud, a sense of something one never knew what it was, and the end has come either to the fight or to the fighter. I had reached the slap and the bang period and was feeling pretty good, seeing that I had knocked a man or two over and hadn't been knocked over myself. Then I saw something in the spirit of it in fine fettle when I found myself hand to hand with a musket to saber with a young lieutenant about my own age and build. He came straight me, cutting with intent to kill, and I tried to shoot him off his horse, for I had some good got a load in my musket and was ready for that kind of business, but he was so close that shooting was out of the question, and I could only use my gun as a guard to keep off the fierce onslaught of his slashes."

"I made several efforts to swing around so I could shoot, but he was so close that I could not get so far for me that I did not dare to take away my guard long enough to use it on him instead of on myself. I put up the best defense I could, trying to punch him with my sword, but the young fellow evidently had some military training, in sword exercise at least, for he knocked my gun around pretty much as he pleased. Indeed he had such success that he was working me out fast, and I felt that if something didn't happen for my side very soon there would be one more bluecoat grave to dig on the morrow. He saw his advantage, too, and with a yell he came in again, swinging that big saber of his so high and strong that it seemed to me to be the sword of Michael or of some other of those picture people I remembered to have seen in my books, and I made up my mind to give him a good poke with my bayonet for luck and let him have my scalp if he wanted it. But he would not give me a chance to do even this much. He lunged at me with his sword around my head until I could only hold my gun up to try to save my face so that my friends would have something to identify me by after the battle was over. He raised his blazes so thick that I weakened fast, and just as I began to sink from exhaustion he reached around with a terrific blow to settle me once for all. I had sunk down flat to my knees, with the musket fallen forward, and as he let the sword drop he struck the hammer of the gun instead of the barrel, and with a crack that I could distinguish in all the roar and the rumpus my old musket went off with a bang, and a confusion threw it clear out of my hands and sent the entire charge square into the face of my foe. Even under the exciting circumstances I realized that something out of the ordinary had happened, though I could not tell what it was, and I cast my eyes up as I stumbled forward. The face of the lieutenant was not there. It had been blown off by the discharge of the gun, so close in the fight we were, and we went down together, both covered with blood—his body. But only one of us got up again."—New York Sun.

**AN UP TO DATE CHURCH.**  
Lobby like a Theater and Protestant Boxes For the Deacons.  
The new First Baptist temple of Columbus, O., which was dedicated recently, is one of the unique edifices in the west. In style it is a modified form of Gothic, without cupola, dome or steeple. Though it has beautifully wrought stained glass Gothic windows and arches, many Romanesque features are used in the minor parts, especially in the interior decorations, where the arrangement of the building is most striking.

Instead of entering the house of worship through a small vestibule the visitor steps through the gorgeously carved Gothic porch into a long corridor, on either side of which are offices, lecture rooms, nursery, parlors and similar rooms. At either side near the end of the lobby beautiful carved staircases lead to the balcony above.

The end of the lobby leads directly into the main auditorium exactly as the lobby of a theater.

From the wide aisle which runs around the rear of the room under the circular balcony a good view is had of the commodious stage which the Baptist minister is to use for his pulpit and where are located the great organ and the seats for the choir.

The proscenium arch is elaborately decorated and lacks only the drop curtain and the flies to carry out the stage effect. On either side of the stage pulpit are a series of boxes designed to be used for the deacons of the church instead of the traditional "amen corners."

The pitched floor, with its circular balcony, the boxes and the stage, with their rich ornamentation and brilliant frescoing, give the beholder the impression of being in a pretty little theater rather than in a church.

A tour of the building will disclose every modern convenience, including electric lights, water plumbing, a room for bicycles, cloakrooms, library, Sunday school room, kitchen and lavatories.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**JAPAN'S GREAT ARTIST.**  
He Was One of the Most Precocious Children of His Country.  
Hyoasi, who appears to have achieved more as a Japanese artist than any other man of his nationality, was one of the most precocious children in the Flower Kingdom.

As a child of 3 he made friends with a frog on a long kago (or litter) journey and drew its portrait as soon as his mother set him down at the journey's end. At 7 he drew every aspect of the human figure as he could see it in the brawls and wrestling bouts of the lowest quarters of the city, which he haunted patiently, sketchbook in hand, for weeks and months. At 9 he captured the severed head of a drowned man from a swollen river and brought it home to study in secret, as any other child would treasure a toy or a sweetmeat.

## Happy at Last

Rebecca Stoner was regarded as the typical old maid of Kingstown. People said she had "soured on the world," and, assuredly, judging from the sharp, bitter remarks which often passed her lips, one would not imagine that she found the world full of sweetness and light. The Kingstown people would have opened their eyes wide could they have seen the old maid one winter evening, when, having returned from a walk, she threw herself on her couch and shed a flood of tears.

"Can I never forget him or learn to despise the man who spurned my love?" she murmured. "Ah, Dick, Dick! I never will cease to love you!"

Her story was one not uncommon in New England village life. When preparations were going on for her marriage to Richard Waldron, Rebecca's mother, who was a widow, fell ill. Richard Waldron, who had been waiting a long time for Rebecca, insisted upon the marriage being performed without delay, for, as their new home would be within sight of the sea, Rebecca could still be with her mother and oversee a nurse. But the mother selfishly objected. She knew that Rebecca would not be the same to her after marriage. No one else could nurse her, for she would not be in their way long. She would go gladly as soon as she was called up higher, etc.

So Rebecca, sick at heart, but not daring, raised as she had been, to resist parental authority, offered Dick his freedom.

He stormed angrily at first, but, seeing her pain and distress, at last said to her: "Rebecca, you are spoiling two lives. I shall never love you again. You are free to go, but I must submit. But when you are free you have only to write to me for I cannot stay here and call me back. Whenever you send, I will come, for I shall never love any woman but you, and I will be faithful to you always."

All might have gone well had it not been that Mrs. Stoner again selfishly interfered. Rebecca and Dick must not write to each other. It would only keep Rebecca's mind in a turmoil, and she would not stand in their way long. She was ready to go to heaven at any time, she had never harmed a living creature, she would gladly free them of her presence, and more caring talk like this, which did nothing to heal Rebecca's sore heart.

As a matter of fact, the old lady held on to life with a tenacious grasp and lived five more years of helpless invalidism, selfish to the last.

When at last Rebecca was free, she hesitated about recalling Dick, whom she had fondly loved. What if he had married since he had left her? Men were inconstant by nature, she argued. Yet the remembrance of Dick's face and his words as he bade her goodbye forced her to believe that he would not so readily doubt his own word. She had changed during five years' absence in the sick-room and had lost much of her girlish charm. Perhaps he would not care for her.

Finally her love conquered, and she wrote him a letter which would have brought him a happy, eager lover, to her side. But in some unaccountable way the letter was lost in transit. Dick never received the message calling him back to Rebecca, and she supposed, as he did not return, that he spurned the love she offered. Naturally she was almost heart-broken, lost her faith in man and never wrote again. He, on his part, receiving no word after the death of Mrs. Stoner, supposed Rebecca's love had cooled and rallied at the inconstancy of woman. But he never wrote, even to uphold her faith, for he had heard a rumor that she had married and he finally returned to live in his old home; but, though he and Rebecca passed each other daily, there was never speech between them. They were now middle aged, and each lived alone.

One night Rebecca in a restless mood started out for a walk. She had gone as far as Dick Waldron's cottage when she heard a faint cry. She stopped, then, with fast beating heart, ran up to the door and listened. The groan was repeated, and, hesitating no longer, she pushed open the door and entered. Alarmed to find the threshold she stumbled over his prostrate form. In a moment she was on her knees and lifted his head upon her breast.

"Dick, my darling, are you hurt?" she whispered, tenderly kissing his closed eyes and rubbing his cold hands. Aroused by her words he struggled to rise, but fell back. But he knew her. "Ah, Rebecca, you have been cruel to me," he murmured. "Then, almost under his breath, he said:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou."

"I fell and broke my leg and crawled to the door for help," he began to explain, but faintly away.

When Richard Waldron recovered consciousness, he found the doctor beside him instead of Rebecca. "Miss Stoner saved your life, I firmly believe," the doctor said.

"I know she did," echoed Dick. But he meant something the doctor could not understand.

The next day Rebecca received an urgent note from her old lover begging her to come to him. She could not refuse, for, as she told herself, he might be dying. When she saw him, pale and suffering, but smiling gladly because she had come, the sharp eyes softened and the hard lines about her mouth seemed to disappear, and her heart beat with a wild hope that after all a new day of happiness was about to dawn for her.

All that had seemed so incomprehensible to them was now cleared up, although the missing letter was never traced, and the village people were shocked the next day to learn that Rebecca had married Dick Waldron when he was sick in bed. "Took advantage of his helpless situation," some openly declared. Others derided, but some sympathized.

Rebecca heard this statement, but she did not care. Dick had begged her to marry him at once, and she felt she owed it to him—as well as to herself—to comply and so she nursed him back to life and the happiness they came so near missing, and it was still sweet, although it came so late.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## A MUTILATED POET.

His lines were lame, but were printed lame.

Whereat the indignant Southerner arose in his wrath and vainly tried to show the Editor the Error of His Ways.

When a western editor was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Thenceforth he sat at the desk, slumped on the floor and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the colonel an envelope, with an inscription upon it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S; oh, yes; I see. Well, it looks like 'Salt for dinner, or 'Souls of sinners,' said the colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the kind! That's my name—Samuel H. Brimmer. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day on the 'Sourness of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Sourness of Sorrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor's, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think that I am an ass. Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:

"Tying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope."

"That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public?"

"Tying to a weeping willow to induce her to stop."

"Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much."

## PLANS FOR KILLARNEY.

Children's Niece the Purchaser—Croker and Other to Have an Aristocratic Settlement.

LONDON, July 28.—It is asserted that Mr. Peck, named as purchaser of the Killarney estate, including the lakes of Killarney, is only a figurehead in the deal, which he engineered on behalf of Mrs. Edward McKonkey, a niece of the late Lord Killarney.

Mrs. McKonkey is the wife of a rich Baltimore engineer, who is now residing in London.

Mrs. McKonkey enlisted the aid of a famous Irish peer on the one side and of Richard Croker on the other, and through the purchase was made by her alone, both of these gentlemen gave her assurances of their aid in developing her plans.

Mrs. McKonkey's idea was to create around the Killarney lakes an aristocratic settlement on the Tuxedo plan, devoid of the clubhouse feature.

The fortunate combination of an Irish peer and Mr. Croker has interested both Americans and the Irish people in the plan.

Mr. Croker has been in town for the last three days, busily engaged with his solicitor in preparing the deeds for the purchase of the principal site adjoining Muckross House. For the site alone he stipulated to pay £200,000 and he is required by the terms of the sale to put a proportionate amount in a residence and he agrees to employ at least 50 Irish servants on the ground.

The Irish peer interested will secure the adjoining tract, where an equally beautiful building will be erected.

Muckross House will remain in the possession of the Herbert family in perpetuity, but the rest of the estate will be put on the market, under strict stipulations as to minimum values of the residences to be erected.

The picturesque caves of Colleen Bawn will be preserved and a large modern hotel is to be erected there.

The great object of the scheme is to aid residents about Killarney to aid themselves by building up tourist travel, which, it is hoped, will benefit the whole island in its political aspect.

NOT LIKELY TO HAVE WAR.

Japan and Russia Have Agreement About Korea—Former and China Friendly.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The report that Japan and Russia are arriving for a struggle over Korea are receiving with much allowance in the diplomatic quarters chiefly concerned, and it is pointed out that an entente cordiale was arranged between two countries last year concerning affairs in Korea. This arrangement is said to have been based on no evidence that either government desired to depart from it.

In diplomatic quarters, concerned with the affairs of China and Japan, it is said that the conflicting interests of the two countries, dating back long before the war, made more acute by that struggle, recently have been obliterated by several graceful and significant courtesies, exchanged between the emperor of China and the emperor of Japan.

Remains Removed From Dobbs Ferry to the Fresh Pond Crematory.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The body of Robert G. Ingersoll was removed from Dobbs Ferry to the Fresh Pond (L. L.) crematory, where it was cremated. The body was in a plain black coffin without ornament. The top of the coffin was covered with roses.

The funeral party included Mrs. Ingersoll, her two daughters, Clinton B. Garrell, Walton H. Brown, Major W. J. Smith and Mrs. Smith and Frederick C. Pondfield.

Jeffries Sailed For Europe.

## REACH NEW YORK SEPT. 30.

Olympia Expected to Arrive Then—A Seaman Died.

TRIESTE, Austria, July 28.—Captain Lamberton and the other officers of the United States cruiser Olympia attended the funeral of the sailors who were killed recently by an explosion on board the Austrian torpedo boat Adler.

Admiral Dewey drove through the suburbs of the city.

It is now expected that the Olympia will arrive in New York by Sept. 30. One of the two sailors who were recently taken from the cruiser to the Trieste hospital is dead.

Had Only One Child.

BROWNVILLE, Pa., July 28.—The 27-year-old son of Mrs. Peter George, a blacksmith, died here last night. The child had been born to seven children and proved to have been a little exaggeration. She gave birth to one son, but in the excitement of the family the misleading statement was given out.

Bryan Spoke to Thousands.

GREENVILLE, Ind., July 28.—William Bryan held three meetings here, two at the fair grounds and one on the Court House square, on the evening of July 13. At the latter meeting, 1,500 people heard him on the fair grounds at each of the two meetings.

LEAGUE GAMES YESTERDAY.

At Louisville—Louisville, 4 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. Boston, 3 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

Second game—Louisville, 4 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. Boston, 3 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 9 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Baltimore—Baltimore, 8 runs, 13 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Washington—Washington, 4 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At St. Louis—St. Louis, 4 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Chicago—Chicago, 9 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia, 1 run, 7 hits and 4 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 9 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors. New York, 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Batteries—Pulphill, Dowling and Powers; Nichols and Clarke. Umpires—Lynch and Connolly. Attendance, 4,000.

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## THE FELT OUTING HATS.

Are the only hats for August. All TRIMMED HATS at specially low prices.

Miss Helen Griffin's, Cor. High and Exchange Streets.

**Special Prices**  
On All Summer Goods  
During July and August

Gasoline Stoves, Lawn Mowers, Lawn Hose, Ice Cream Freezers, Garden Tools, Screen Doors and Window Screens.

We Are Headquarters for  
Sherwin-Williams Co.'s Paints, Stoves and Ranges, Roofing and Spouting, and a general line of Hardware.

SEE US FOR ESTIMATES.

**HARTER & MLAR**  
Cor. Howard and Market Streets  
The oldest hardware stand in the city.

TWO BASEBALL LEAGUES.

Circuits For Each Next Year—Grounds Secured at St. Louis.

St. Louis, July 28.—The St. Louis Baseball association has been formed and a team, to be called the St. Louis Browns, will be organized in time to take the field early next season, as a member of the new American association. The old Sportsman's park has been acquired.

The circuits of the two leagues will be made up as follows:  
American association—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington in the east, and Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis in the west.

National League—Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in the east, and Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville in the west.

Heurieu Killed When Giving Alms.

FOR DE FRANCE, Island of Martinique, July 28.—Further news of the killing of President Heurieu developed that he was shot by Caceres while he was giving alms to a beggar. The assassin's father was put to death by Heurieu in 1884.

Carnegie's Offer to San Diego.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 28.—Andrew Carnegie offered to give \$50,000 for a public library in this city if a site be donated and the library maintained as at present.

At a Country House.

"Well, my dear admiral, and how did you sleep?"

"Not at all general. Confoundedly butlered in at the window and was flopping around all night—couldn't get a wink of sleep."

## Special

July and August  
Clearance Sale

Of our entire stock of Summer Footwear, comprising an elegant stock of fine

Tan Shoes and Oxfords  
For Ladies', Men and Children.

Don't miss this sale; come quick and get some of these choice Summer Footwear bargains. New invoice just received Men's Duck Shoes.

In connection we are offering our complete stock of Trunks and Satchels at reduced prices.

**RED BROS.**  
UP-TO-DATE  
Shoe and Trunk House  
122 S. Howard St.

TO SHOW YOU

That we are the cheapest and best store in the city, we are going to give you a few prices. We are going to sell

F. S. Flour ..... \$1.10  
P. A. Flour ..... \$1.10  
S. Mill Flour ..... \$1.10  
Banner Soap ..... 10 bars for 25c

And many other groceries that will be just as cheap.

A fresh line of Fine Fruits, Green Vegetables, Fancy Cakes and Crackers, Fine Teas and Coffees always kept on hand.

Call and be Convinced

**FOUST & KUTTINGER**  
214 East Market St.  
Tel. 769.

All goods delivered.

**Siebert's SPECIALS**

Why not save money when buying groceries? Our customers do.

Pat. A Flour per sack ..... \$1.05  
1 dozen lemons ..... 15c  
1 lb. can Baking Powder ..... 5c  
1 lb. can Baking Powder ..... 10c  
Apple butter, per crock ..... 23c  
4 cans corn ..... 25c  
9 bars Bell soap ..... 25c

**J. Siebert**  
1017 South Main Street.

## The Finger of Time

Points to the Desirability of Pure and Reliable Drugs.

Long life and perfect health are possibly only when the best drugs are used. The saving of a penny counts for nothing if the drug purchased is ineffective.

The Virtue in Drugs  
Is readily seen from our stock. Here are the best as represented in strength, purity and freshness. No high quality drugs are ever sold here, but we do not make a specialty of the cheap kind.

HIMMELMAN, Pharmacist, 164 S. Main

At a Country House.

"Well, my dear admiral, and how did you sleep?"

"Not at all general. Confoundedly butlered in at the window and was flopping around all night—couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Ah, dashed dangerous things, butterflies!"—Punch.

Irony.

Caddy (on receiving merely his legal fare)—Hoh, your step isn't in, sir. He'd 'a' drive yer 'a' yard 'a' two further for this 'ere'!—Punch.

Woman's Ways.

Miss Willing—There seems to be a great deal of elasticity in Chollie's nature.

Miss Woodlee—Yes; I noticed that when you threw yourself at him you seemed to be farther away than ever.—Cleveland Leader.

A Home-made Prescription.

"Jack, my health is wretched. I ought to go away."

"Isabel, if you quit reading those sea-shore advertisements, your health will be all right."—Chicago Record.

One Blessing.

"Am I to understand that this is what you call a safety bicycle?"

"It is, sir."

## The Old Soldier's Story.

"I do not get a pension," said the veteran, who had treated his first bout at Bull Run, breaking into a wild gallop before he passed under the wire at Washington and finally stopped to retire from the turf at Appomattox, "nor do I want one, though I suppose if I were not in comfortable circumstances I might try for it, and still I had about as much of the scrap as anybody I know of, for I began early and quit late. Luck is with some people, though, for I came out without a scratch, and I didn't lose a day on account of sickness. But I am flying the track. I think you said you wanted that story about the man who killed himself trying to kill me."